

# **In Recital**

**Kym White, soprano**

assisted by

**Megan Miller, piano**

**Thursday, May 8, 2003 at 7:00 pm**

**Studio 27**  
**Fine Arts Building**



DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**

## Program

If Music Be the Food of Love (1695)  
Sweeter Than Roses (1695)

Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)

From Folksong Arrangements, **British Isles** (1943)

Arr. Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

5. The Trees They Grow So High
6. The Ashgrove

From Folksong Arrangements, **Moore's Irish Melodies** (1960)

6. Rich and Rare
9. The Last Rose of Summer

From *Ballad of Baby Doe* (1956)  
The Silver Aria

Douglas Moore  
(1893-1969)

## Intermission

From *Romeo et Juliette* (1867)

Ah! Je veux vivre (Juliette's Waltz Song)

Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)

*Proses Lyriques* (1895)

1. De Rêve (A Dream)
2. De Grève (The Shore)
3. De Fleurs (Flowers)
4. De Soir (Evening)

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Reception to follow in the Fine Arts Lounge.



## Translations

### Ah! Je veux vivre/Juliette's Waltz Song

Ah! I want to live in the dream  
which still intoxicates me on this day!  
Gentle flame, I keep you  
in my soul as a treasure!

This rapture of youth  
only lasts, alas, for a day.  
After that comes the hour when one weeps;  
the heart gives way to love,  
and happiness flies away, never to return!

Ah! I want to live in the dream,  
which intoxicates me, for a long time still!  
Far from gloomy winter  
let me slumber  
and inhale the rose  
before shedding it of its petals.

Ah! Gentle flame  
stay in my soul  
as a sweet treasure  
for a long time still!

### *Proses lyriques*

#### 1. De Rêve/A Dream

The night has the tenderness of a woman,  
And the old trees, under the golden moon,  
Are dreaming of her who has just passed by,  
Her head wreathed in pearls.  
Now brokenhearted, forever brokenhearted,  
They could not beckon to her . . .  
They are gone, all of them,  
The frail, the frenzied,  
Sowing their shrill laughter on the lawn,  
The enchanting caress of their fragrant hips on the light  
breezes.  
Alas! Of all this, nothing is left  
But a pale tremor . . .  
The old trees under the golden moon  
Are shedding like tears their lovely leaves of gold!  
No one will dedicate to them again  
The glory of those golden helmets,  
Now tarnished, tarnished forever:  
The knights have died  
On the road to the Grail!  
The night has the tenderness of a woman,  
Hands seeming to lightly touch our souls,

#### De Rêve/A Dream (cont'd)

Hands so frenzied, so frail,  
For whom swords sang in their olden times!  
Strange sighs arise from under the trees:  
My soul is an ancient dream which embraces you!

#### 2. De Grève/The Shore

Over the ocean falls the twilight,  
White unravelled silk.  
The waves, like small wild creatures,  
Chatter, like little girls coming from school,  
In the rustling of their dresses,  
Green iridescent silk!  
The clouds, ponderous travelers,  
Gather for the coming storm,  
A background really far too dark  
For this English watercolor.  
The waves, the little waves,  
Know no more where to go,  
For here comes now the wretched downpour,  
The rustling of billowing skirts,  
Bewitched green silk!  
But the moon, compassionate to all,  
Comes to quiet this gray conflict,  
And slowly caresses her little friends,  
Who offer themselves, like loving lips,  
To this warm and white kiss.  
Then, nothing more . . .  
Nothing but the tardy bells of the floating churches,  
Angelus of the waves,  
White smooth silk!

#### 3. De Fleurs/Flowers

In the boredom, so drearily verdant,  
Of the greenhouse of sorrow,  
The flowers entwine about my heart  
With their evil stems.  
Oh! When will reappear about my head  
Those dear hands, so tenderly soothing?  
The large violet iris  
Maliciously despoiled your eyes  
By seeming to mirror them,—  
They that were, in the dream, the water  
Into which my illusions so gently descended,  
Enveloped in their color;  
And the lilies, white fountains of fragrant pistils,  
Have lost their pure grace,  
And are but poor sick objects without sun!  
Sun! Friend of evil flowers,  
Destroyer of dreams, destroyer of illusions,

### 3. De Fleurs/Flowers (cont'd)

Come! Come! Oh, hands of salvation!  
Break the glass panes of lies,  
Break the glass panes of sorcery,  
My soul is dying of too much sun!  
Mirages! Nevermore will joy bloom again in my eyes,  
And my hands are weary of praying,  
My eyes are weary of weeping!  
Eternally this senseless noise  
Of black petals of boredom,  
Falling, drop by drop, on my head,  
In the verdure of the greenhouse of sorrow!

### 4. De Soir/Evening

Sunday over the cities,  
Sunday in the hearts!  
Sunday with the little girls,  
Singing, with childish voices,  
Persistent tunes  
Or gay rounds.  
And only a few days left for them!  
On Sunday, the stations become frenzied!  
Everybody is set  
For some suburb or other,  
Saying goodbye to one another  
With bewildered gestures!  
On Sunday the trains travel fast,  
Devoured by insatiable tunnels;  
And the faithful road signals  
Communicate, through a single eye,  
In altogether mechanical impressions.  
On Sunday, in the blue haze of my dreams,  
My sad thoughts,  
Of fireworks that were missed,  
Will not leave off  
Mourning for those Sundays that are gone.  
And the night, on velvet feet,  
Puts the lovely, weary sky to sleep,  
And it is Sunday on the pathway of the stars;  
The Virgin of gold and silver  
Lets fall the flowers of slumber!  
Quickly, little angels,  
Overtake the swallows,  
So that you may go to rest  
With your sins all forgiven!  
Have pity on the towns,  
Have pity on the hearts,  
You, Virgin of gold on silver!